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MACEDONIAN MEASURES



JOHN MACLEOD

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MACEDONIAN MEASURES
AND OTHERS

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

C. F. CLAY, MANAGER

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MACEDONIAN MEASURES
AND OTHERS

BY

JOHN MACLEOD

CAMBRIDGE
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

1919

TO THE
BRITISH SALONIKA FORCE

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I wish to thank the Editors of *The Poetry Review*, *The Cambridge Review*, *The New Cambridge*, and *The Weekly Scotsman* for permission to reprint verses.

J. M.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

22 September 1919.

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ON TREK

THE grasses are stirred to song by a hill-wind, spicy
with clover;

Through the ambrosial dusk the emerald fire-flies
sweep;

Night fast-gathering dims the glorious clouds; and
over

The dazzling deeps of the West one star shines,
heralding sleep.

Long ere the sun this morning had burst from his
mountain prison,

We had left our camp in the gorge to march thro'
the dusty plain;

And the Cameron pipes will skirl ere the sun to-
morrow be risen,

As our long, adventurous column winds to the
wars again.

THE STRUMA PLAIN

THE Struma Plain is one vast grave; horde upon
 savage horde,
 While the plainsmen slept, from the North has swept
 in a spate of fire and sword.
 But one and all were held in thrall by the valley's
 poisonous breath,
 Were scourged by fever and fighting, were disciplined
 by Death.

The soil is as rich as soil can be, where the Struma
 waters wind;
 Mealies and corn abound there with fruit of every kind,
 And roods of gorgeous flowers, purple and gold and
 red—
 Flower and fruit alike have root in the dust of the
 countless Dead.

The ancient fate is inviolate; eagles that ride the sky
 See still the smoking villages, hear still the battle-cry.
 The nations change and the weapons. But Death
 with his servants twain,
 Fever and fighting, lords it still along the Struma
 Plain.

THE CAMERONS AT BALA

NIGHT's black tent in the East is torn;
 A cold wind tosses the uneut corn;
 And the shivering Struma fields are spread
 With mist that under the dawn grows red.

Over the bridge and through the trees
 Swing the Cameron companies;
 Silent, unwavering, eager, strong,
 To battle, to battle, they sweep along.

As swirls thro' a rock-wall'd creek the tide
 To assault stern cliffs on the further side
 With smashing tumult and high-flung spray—
 So on the new-made bridge go they.

Another mist, like a hideous pall,
 Shall hover all day where the fierce shells fall
 With deadlier force and louder roar
 Than Atlantic waves on a Cornish shore.

Those fields shall be reddened again to-night,
 But not as now with a delicate light;
 For tomorrow the Cameron tide will be found
 To have ebbed no whit from the blood-bought ground.

MACHINE GUNS AT BALA

Now they are reaping mealies, but not with scythe
or sickle,

And not with echoing laughter, or with songs that
maidens sing.

They reap the ripened mealies with a stream of lead
and nickel;

And more than a crop of mealies falls to their
harvesting.

FULFILMENT

PICTURES lost when the painter dies
Fighting, that might have woven a spell
Of sun-splashed hills and towering skies,
For the battle-blinded shall glow to quell
Despair, and to gladden their eyeless eyes.

Music unwritten, that might have swayed
Crowds, had the war-god's dripping spear
Spared the maker, shall yet be played
In beauty, that shell-torn men, who hear
(Though others hear not), may die unafraid.

TO A SOLDIER

SLEEP and be happy; over your head
The hideous fight is sweeping
Unheard. They tell us that you are dead,
When you are but sleeping, sleeping.

Sleep, and remember no more the strain
Of months with horror teeming;
For far from battle, and far from pain
You now are dreaming, dreaming.

Sleep; the long days of toil are past
And ended the noble questing
For freedom. In utter peace at last
Your soul is resting, resting.

MOUNT OLYMPUS

BEHIND Olympus' purple snow
 With god-like fire the sky is flaming
 Blood-red. The hills round Hortiach glow
 In paler splendour, row on row,
 Tumbled, and huge, and lonely, shaming
 The petty lights that flicker late
 In towns where mortals breed and hate.

On cloud-compelling peaks, once more
 Gathered for feast, the Gods are fain
 That purblind nations as of yore
 In maniac strife should travail sore:
 To them the moan of human pain
 Is sweet. "Your Christ is dead," they say;
 "Youth-butcherer Ares rules to-day."

Poor boasters! Can the storm-cloud's shade
 Shift the appointed path of the sun
 One handsbreadth? No; the Gods who made
 This war, though terribly arrayed,
 Are false, and making are undone.
 All, who for home beneath the sod
 Lie stricken, know that Christ is God.

NIGHT AT GOMONIC

GREAT, dark hills to the Westward rise,
Where star-strewn Lake Langaza lies
Beneath the violet Balkan skies.

Somewhere beyond those hills is he
Who lived and laboured and laughed with me.

Look! many glimmering camp-fires fret
The dark hills. So in my mind are set
Gold-sparkling times since first we met—

That raft—that midnight patrol—that ride
Over the holly-green countryside—

Erquinghem—Proyart—Hooge—Marseilles—
Billets and trenches—and English mails—
The sea—Greek villages—nightingales—

Fierce Macedonian blizzards—Spring
With beauty the gaunt hills carpeting—

The cattle bells, when sleep was near,
Heard in the warm dusk, low and clear,
By the meadowy banks of the Iridere—

Dawn—and the eagles' lordly flight—
And the wild geese clamouring in the night—

In those days fury nor fear, let slip
Tho' it were by Hell, the delight could strip
From youth's war-vanquishing comradeship.

IN MACEDONIA

THE minarets of Salonique
 Rise slender-white against the sky;
 From cypress-shady court the Greek
 Craftily scans the passers-by...
 I see; and in me leaps desire
 For Cambridge court and Cambridge spire.

The Seres road by day and night
 Is gorged with lorries and marching men;
 Northward and Southward far as sight
 The tragic dust-cloud hovers...when,
 When shall I speak, as once I spoke
 In Cambridge streets with Cambridge folk?

Our line is welded, trench on trench,
 Through Vardar hills and Struma plain,
 Where thirst and fever, toil and stench,
 Battle, and pitiful sounds of pain
 Hold sway...Would I might hear the cry
 Of Cambridge larks in the Cambridge sky.

THE SUNSET ISLANDERS

FROST on the Cambridge trees makes tracery,
 Gold with the delicate dawn, against the blue
 Of virginal skies; and all below is white.
 I wake...in dreams I fought again last night
 Beside the Struma, and there came to me
 Beings who said: "We bring release for you.

"Come; and forget the sun-tormented earth,
 The treeless hills and feverous plains; for cool
 Spread blossomy gardens where we live at ease.
 Ours are the sunset islands, set in seas
 Of green and gold, clear-seen before the birth
 Of Macedonian night, star-wonderful.

"Many have found our sanctuary, and rest
 From horror, from the toil-begetting length
 Of war-days, from the unrefreshing night.
 There you will find friends who have died in fight,
 And living friends, whose souls, by quiet blessed,
 For coming ills and labours drink new strength.

"And who are we? That you will never know
 Till you forget the long, tumultuous stress,
 Lying content on flower-fragrant sward,
 Where winds blow sweet. We serve a loving lord
 In our aethereal archipelago.
 Come; for he bids you taste of happiness."

THE HIGHLANDER

WHEN at length my bullet finds me, and rives the
bars of flesh,

Before I take the tangled roads in quest of Paradise,
I shall linger in the Hebrides, where ocean-winds blow
fresh

Over the salt Atlantic leagues from forts of sunless
ice.

Somewhere among those headlands, where sea-birds
swoop and call,

Or high in royal cloudscape, or in hills of heather
and pine,

In sheltered loch, or laughing glen, in burn or water-
fall—

Somewhere, a spirit tells me, there is set for me a
sign.

And when my soul has rested, and is strong for jour-
neying,

I shall find the sign, and read it, and learn from it
my road.

And, Oh! I hope to find in Heaven the joyous scents
of Spring

On birchen woods and bracken braes, when I
reach my last abode.

A NIGHT MARCH

THE sun has set, and the wild dogs wake;
 Far in the hills the sheep-bells sound;
 Klisali's seven lights are lit.
 Frogs, brass-tongued, where the misty lake
 Merges slowly in marshy ground,
 Jeer and cackle with vacant wit.
 We from our scarce-pitched bivouac
 Take the road, as of old in France
 Alert we took it; mosquitoes dance
 And shrill with delight up the vagabond track
 In the swirling dust; and the pipers play
 As our kilted company marches away.

Hard on our flank the Ilanli height
 Looks on the plain, and hems our view
 Of burning stars in a Balkan sky.
 Low by the lake, thro' the odorous night,
 On a track that Persian and Roman knew,
 Strong-limbed, the Scottish Brigade streams by.
 And to those that follow the pipes, what fate
 In the hidden days of the year shall come?
 Some shall see wounds and Scotland, some
 By the Struma waters shall lie in state,
 Stricken of fever or foe; for them
 The cannon shall thunder a requiem.

DAWN IN SALONIKA HARBOUR

THE froze peaks redden; icily
The Vardar wind lashes the sea
To furious-frothing mutiny...

Ah God! that I might see again
The Dornoch hills, clear after rain,
And the firth-mirrored lights of Tain,

As when on nights of heather-scent
With one time-proven friend I went
Along the shining sands, content.

JUNE 1918

WAR's joyless hurricane has blown
The whole world through; and nations whirled
Like Autumn leaves, cry for distress.
But not on fields of earth alone
Is army against army hurled
In long-drawn battle bitterness.
Camped on the spiritual plain
That spreads to Heaven's gem-hewn gate
The tawdry ravening hosts of Hell
Lay siege. And there with ghostly pain
Unutterable, Love battles Hate
To guard God's holiest citadel.
Hell besets Heaven remorselessly.
In each man's soul an acre lies
Swept by their war; and all men cling
To hell's sweet, deathly luxury—
Or suffer with Hell's adversaries
Siege-straitened, sleepless, famishing.
There is no neutral road to take;
There is no passive goodness. Cast
Your lot with Hell, or in the press
Strike, true to God. Help or forsake:
And when the Evil One at last
Flies screaming into nothingness,—
When pain and fear are discreate,
Outworn—When Beauty unsearchable
Triumphs, and joy that nought can dim—
God's army shall annihilate
Hell's mercenaries; but they shall dwell,
God's troops, for ever at one with Him.

BEFORE BATTLE

THE slow stars wheel in the heavens: a dog barks:
 over the marshes
 Invisible geese give tongue, like hell-hounds chasing a
 lost soul.
 When the furnace of dawn smelts night, and the
 Earth's quick hues reassemble,
 This once-green valley will shudder and throb with
 Artillery, hurling
 Shells that scream with a death-lust, menacing, eager,
 triumphant.
 Many a man they will claim, and many the gusty
 machine guns...
 O God! who enduredst death as a man for Thy
 Father's Kingdom,
 Take in Thy hands our lives, and to them, whom
 shattering metal
 Delivers from blinding flesh, from fear, from the
 bondage of matter,
 Grant three favours: for Thee to fight more faithfully,
 seeing
 The whole long line of the battle of God; to rejoice
 more deeply
 In beauty; to pierce to the centre the pure glad flame
 of Thy presence.

A PIANO IN YPRES

As old tunes, loved in boyhood, come
 To one by burdening thought oppressed
 Through twilit peace, when all the West
 Glows large and pure; amazed he feels
 A keen awe stirring in his breast;
 Beauty he drinks that thrills and heals,
 And learns that God is never dumb;—

As light on dewy grass to eyes
 Toil-weary, by some meadowy stream
 With briar fringed, where one may dream
 Daylong in strengthening solitude;
 Birds sing; a myriad ripples gleam
 Golden on waters heaven-hued
 That mirror darting dragon-flies;—

So is her voice to a lover brought,
 His spirit, when he hears her sing,
 Miraculously blossoming
 To passion, tenderness and awe.
 So to her eyes awakening
 And sunshot hair, he learns the law
 That Love of purity is wrought.

WINTER THOUGHTS

LAD, in the hour of black depression
 Give not your soul to gloom's possession.
 Thus you may fight it. Search your mind
 With recollection, till you find
 A golden Summer morning spent
 In friendship, health, and merriment.
 Then listen till you hear the sea
 Plash on the shore melodiously.
 Look till your eyes again behold
 The hissing pebbles seaward rolled,
 And, as the waves break one by one,
 Spray jewels flashing in the sun.
 Strip and dive headlong. Know the blessing
 Of clean, cool deeps your skin caressing.
 Smell, as to land you turn once more,
 The good, wet seaweed on the shore.
 Rich brine upon your lips is spread;
 Taste it, and you have banqueted.

If still your mind be touched with gloom,
 Search till you see a firelit room
 Snug, with drawn curtains, till you hear
 Child-laughter, innocent and clear.
 Join, as of old, the happy ring;
 It is you that they are welcoming,
 Those eager eyes. Be but a child
 Smiling for joy, as once you smiled,
 And lo! the poisoning gloom is fled,
 Leaving you wholly comforted.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN

THROUGH proud, unhappy, faction-riven Spain
 Unscathed he journeyed, labouring to sow
 The living Gospel. For his overthrow
 A priesthood, loving darkness, schemed in vain.
 Nor force, nor cunning malice could restrain
 God's dawn, their dreaded doom. For if men know
 The truth, never can superstitious show
 And twilight terror swathe their souls again.

"The fields are dim," say doubters; "though he spent
 Tyrannous years of toil, we see no prize
 Worth fever, peril and imprisonment"—
 Before the strong sun leap the horizon, light
 Comes slowly, lest his rays, too sudden-bright,
 For ever darken unaccustomed eyes.

THE SLIMY GOD

THE air was still and thunderous; yellow clouds
 Brooded ill-shapen on the hueless hills
 Charged with a boding evil. Sinister trees
 O'erhung the ehoking road that like a snake
 Writhed between peaks and fever-haunted glens.
 No birds made melody; no eriekets ehirped
 Contentment. All things seemed awaiting—what
 I knew not, but I knew it was not good.

On, on I walked. And now the road would elimb
 Round rocky shoulders, where dwarf-holly bunched
 With strong and intricate entanglement
 As if to eluteh at terror-driven feet.
 Now it would steeply plunge into dank valleys,
 Sunless and stagnant like remembered sin;
 Now it would pass seum-covered pools, and now
 Through woods where whispering tree to whispering
 tree
 Told fearful seerets, and invisible eyes—
 (I felt them)—peered from every shadowy branch.

At length I halted weary, and prepared
 For food and sleep. A pleasant burn there was,
 Born amid smooth round stones, that triekled clear,
 Tiny but clear, between two slopes of grass
 As smooth as the lawn, shaven for years, beneath
 The elms of an English mansion. There I pitched
 My bivouac, and from my wallet drew
 Bread and a flask of wine and dates and meat.

Then, while the sky all round was muttering hate,
 And distant lightning flickered ceaselessly,
 I gathered sticks and grasses, made a fire,
 Fed, and lay down to sleep. Far off a dog
 Howled.

As I passed from waking life to sleep
 A monstrous panic swallowed up my mind.
 As in November from the sea a mist
 Will rise and spread, embosoming the land;
 No hills there are, no villages, no trees,
 But all is clinging whiteness, till the sun,
 A kindly god, sucks off the mist; yet still
 It lingers here and there in deep ravines.
 Even so did Reason, battling with the panic,
 Unfog my mind. Yet still in the dark depths
 Fear lurked unclean. Fearing I fell asleep.

When I awoke, thunder assailed the world,
 Crash upon terrifying crash; the sky
 Was torn by jagged flashes that made plain
 Each separate cloud where blackness was before.
 The tropic rain beat down tumultuously,
 Flooding my meagre tent, and at my feet
 Angrily roared the burn, tiny no more.
 I rose with sodden garments, to behold
 Earth cowering under stormy skies, when lo!
 In a lightning flash immeasurably bright
 I saw a striding form; and all my fears
 Took hideous shape, vehement, conquering.
 A man it was with wind-blown hair; his eyes

Burned with a maniac fire. Flash after flash
 Revealed him nearer. Now his harsh voice came
 Chaunting a wild song unmelodiously.

“O god, my god, whom I have reared
 Slimy and strong, thy sacrifice

Is flesh of man, is flesh of man.

Oh god, my god, slimy and strong,
 To-night the banquet is prepared--
 Soon shall thou feast on flesh of man.”

Nor right, nor left he looked, as unaware
 Of other presenee. But I knew that he
 Would turn and come towards me, and my fear
 Devoured my wits and choked my sobbing breath.
 On strode the baneful figure, heeding not
 The giant agony of the firmament.
 He turned. I tried to run; my limbs were bound
 With bonds intangible. No utteranee
 Came from a throat, straining to scream for help.
 Then of a sudden broke the spell; I ran
 Blindly amid the darkness, till I tripped
 Headlong, and, as I started up, he sprang
 Bearing me down again; then lifted me
 With sinewy eluteh. Demoniac merriment
 Wrinkled his face. “The sacrifice!” he cried,
 “My god shall taste his sacrifice of blood!”

Vainer my struggle than a wilful babe’s
 Snatched by its mother from some perilous joy.

Over the hills he bore me; as we went
 The storm passed, and the clouds broke. Star by
 star
 Blazed into view the splendid, ancient skies.

After the rain, the small hill-creatures woke.
 Snakes rustled in the dripping grasses; loud
 Clamoured the frogs in parliament. I thought,
 "What is this slimy god? Monster or ghost?"
 Fantastic answers surged a thousandfold,
 Unbidden, each more horrible than that
 Before it, each less horrible than the thing
 I was to encounter.

While he carried me,
 Now unresisting, Deathwards, the loud storm
 Had circled near again in thunderous mass.
 The first slow drops had splashed upon my face
 When a foul smell engulfed us. Gleefully
 He chuckled "Sacrifice...my god...prepared."
 Then louder cried he, "Hitherto, O god,
 The flesh of meaner beasts has been thy fare,
 Taste thy true food to-night, the flesh of man!"
 He halted where a cliff dropped sheer beneath,
 Then raised me high and hurled me. As I fell
 Through rushing darkness, lightning struck the cliff
 Above, and in the thunderclap I swooned.

Bird-song, fresh breezes, sunshine, glistening dew,
 I heard and felt and saw. Contentedly
 I wondered "Am I dead?" till I beheld
 Lying around me many mangled sheep,
 And lo! beside me lay a monstrous slug,
 Large as a horse, blood-slobbering, unclean.
 I knew it for the madman's god, and knew—
 Its back was broken—that my fall had given
 The god, and not the victim, unto Death.

For when I fell with murderous force, its bulk
Had saved me from the rocks, and saving me
The slug itself had perished. Full of joy
I found a pathway up the cliffs, by which
The priest of that foul god had daily climbed
To tend and worship.

Toppling on the brink
In death there grinned a body, lightning charred.
Monster and minister were dead; and I,
Free and at one with the sweet-riotous larks,
To God out-poured my praiseful gratitude.

TO —

As through a town a river flows
Foul and unsightly; but at night
Each lovely lamp across it throws
A band of golden-glimmering light.

So is your radiant music thrown
Over my thought's unlovely tide:
Nor is the surface touched alone;
All blazes, all is purified.

TRANSLATION FROM *OEDIPUS*
TYRANNUS

THE PARODOS

O SWEET-VOICED utterance, given of Zeus, what
form did'st thou take

To come to glorious Thebes from gold-stored Pytho?
I quake

And my fearful mind is racked with horror, O Delian-
bred,

Whom men as the healer loudly invoke; for thy pur-
pose I dread,

Newly to fall perchance, or repeated as years roll by;
Tell me, thou scion of golden Hope, speech doomed
not to die.

First upon thee, Athena, Zeus-born, doomed not to
die,

With my sister Artemis, ever the help of my country,
I cry,—

Artemis, set on her far-famed throne in the circling
mart,—

Appear, death vanquishers, three with Apollo of far-
flung dart!

If to avert the vengeance that sprang in the city of
yore

Ye drove the flame of the evil from Thebes, approach
as before.

Alas! for the evils I bear are unnumbered: sickness
has sway

Over all that dwell in the city, and none is inspired
to say

What weapon may quell it. For neither does fruit in-
crease on the earth,
Famous for fruit, nor do women surmount their pangs
at the birth
Of still-born children; but thou would'st see them—
each from the rest
Apart,—like a well-winged bird, on fire's irresistible
zest,
Hastening on to the shores of the deity throned in the
West.

Unnumbered their deaths; and with them the city
perishes too;
But there on the plains the death-bringing babes that
no Thebans rue
Lie all unpitied. And now the grey-haired mothers
and wives
To the high-banked altar, where each from her own
habitation arrives,
Flock as suppliants, moaning aloud for their grievous
plight;
And sorrowful voices blend with the paeon's loud-
ringing rite.
O golden daughter of Zeus, avert it with fair-sent
might.

And grant us that scourging Ares, who bears no
brazen shield,
But flaming dashes to meet me with terrible clamour,
may yield,
And wind-borne back from my fatherland, speed to
the monstrous hall
Of Amphitrite, on into the churlish anchorage fall

Of the Thracian surge. For if aught should escape the
 clutches of night
 Utterly day destroys it. O thou that wieldest in
 might
 The levin's fiery breath, with thy bolt o'erwhelm him,
 and smite!

Guardian king, I would that the showering arrows
 might go,
 Ranged on our side for a help, from the twisted gold
 of thy bow,
 And the fiery breath of the torches of Artemis, flash-
 ing with light
 On Lycian hills; and that Bacchus the ruddy whom
 mortals invite
 To cheer them, the gold-girt god, yclept by the name
 of this land,
 Ardent might come from Heaven, attended by Mae-
 nad band,
 And shatter the godless god, with the blaze of his
 pine-wrought brand!

MIDSUMMER'S EVE

FROM field and farm the colour goes;
Thro' whispering pine-woods, dank with dew,
Shapes flit from tree to ghostly tree.
Over the moor a bleak wind blows;
Ash-tree and elm and sycamore
Are touched with evil mystery.

When something stealthily tries the latch,
Bar the door doubly, if no step
Came, sounding safety, up the road.
For the fairy-folk are abroad; they snatch
Or wits or life from wanderers
Caught roofless ere the cock has crowed.

THE OLD HOUSE OPPOSITE

THE other houses hem it round,
 The tallest of the row:
 And in its sad, unweeded ground
 Dark trees of cypress grow.

Empty it stands, as it has stood
 For twenty years: and there
 The ghosts of former dwellers brood,
 And creak upon the stair.

And sometimes, when at dead of night
 Across the road I peer,
 I seem to see a ghostly light
 In the old house, and hear,

Amid the sighing of the trees,
 A phantom fiddler play:
 And dimly borne on the midnight breeze
 Come airs of yesterday.

But while I stare, and long for more
 The lights and music wane,
 Till all behind that blistered door
 Is still and dark again.

THE MACLEOD TARTAN

GREEN and red and blue and golden is my tartan;
 when I see
 These four colours interwoven, lo! in the mind's swift
 alchemy
 All the beauties of the Highlands live renewed per-
 petually.

Golden stretch the sandy ridges, when the sea has
 ebbed away;
 Golden too the loch beneath the faded torches of the
 day
 Lingering in the West; and gold the whins that flare
 upon the brae.

Blue the distant mountain; blue the heavens on a
 summer night;
 Blue her eyes; and blue the hare-bell; blue the haze
 that dims our sight,
 Steeping all the valley in a morning magic of delight.

Red the berries of the rowan; by the peaty burn they
 grow;
 Red within our stone-flagged kitchen shone the
 embers' cheerful glow,
 While on plate and shelf and table shadows flitted to
 and fro.

Green the gloom that fills the pine-wood, pent among
the tossing trees;

Green the baby-shoots of corn that ripple, ripple in
the breeze;

Green and blue the insistent tides that thunder on the
Hebrides.

Green and red and blue and golden is my tartan;
when I see

These four colours interwoven, lo! in the mind's swift
alchemy

All the beauties of the Highlands live renewed per-
petually.

THE PLOUGHMAN

HIS plough all day with unending toil
Ill-clad he drove thro' the stubborn soil.
His horses sweated. We passed him by
Purblind and half-contemptuously ;
 But ever between the hedges, intent
 On the needs of his homely task, he went.

Evening brought truth; as the light grew dim,
Patched coat was lost in beauty of limb.
Gold shone the furrowy earth, and gold
The smoke from his horses in splendour rolled.
 But he like a God unheeding went,
 Food-giving, strong, benevolent.

1919

SPRING-TIME in Corpus, as of old,
 From Winter's Puritan drab set free,
 Quickens the medieval mould
 With peace-remembering pageantry.

Tulip on crimson tulip burns;
 Wall-flowers sway in pied gavottes,
 With lilies-of-the-valley, ferns,
 Pansies, and frank forget-me-nots.

Here men from War's harsh agonies
 Returning may unburden all,
 Where flower-bed with creeper vies
 In loved, oblivious carnival.

CONSOLATION

ABANDON now and here your pride;
Forget the deadening might-have-been;
The breezy Cambridge countryside
Is round you, murmurous and green.

Listen ! beyond the sighing grain,
The children, bird-song, hay-carts, bees,
Beyond all sound, you may attain
To life's essential harmonies.

JUNE IN THE FENS

THE term is ended; let us go,
 Dust-free, by willowy bend and reach
 Past Ditton Church and Waterbeach,
 Where beryl-hued and shimmering-slow
 Our Cam sedately dawdles down
 To the huddled roofs of Ely town.

Beneath the circling stars we'll sleep,
 Where the flat elder-bloom is rife.
 The sun shall wake us, fresh with life.
 At noon we'll bathe (nor dive too deep
 Lest weeds entangle). Beer and bread,
 Oar-weary, in some field we'll spread.

Roses by rushy creeks aloof
 Dreamily cluster; smokeless skies
 Sweep greatly down to spires that rise
 From billowy trees; with shining roof
 Seen to the Gogs by Cambridge men
 Ely Cathedral lords the fen.

TO SONG MAKERS

BAGMEN of Beauty, to and fro
Through shire and town your samples go.

They fire us, till we long to share
Beauty's far-hidden wonder-ware.

We search; and find it with surprise
Spread all the while before our eyes.

IN BUSINESS

HE thinks how the mirrored foliage flirts
With the wash of a punt on the rippling Cam,
Tho' problems of wool for intricate shirts
Should gaol his fancy in Birmingham.

The traffic-babel is fading now ;
The insistent grind of machinery yields
To a slow stream tenderly lapping his bow
And the blackbirds' paeon from Newnham fields.

DEATH

THE room is fading from my eyes—
I feel no more the downward pull
Of matter—I hear harmonies
Immeasurably beautiful....

The veil has vanished—Time and Space
Hedge me no longer—I have trod
Infinity, and face to face
Seen Love, and know that Love is God.

A PRAYER

INTO my feeble heart instil
Gentleness, love, and fortitude,
Humour, clear vision, scorn-proof will,
And flaming valour, unsubdued
Though pain and evil and despair
Lurk to destroy it everywhere.

Grant me not overmuch success,
O Lord, in temporal desire ;
Strength comes with conquered bitterness :
In the white heat of failure's fire
Temper my soul to be a sword
Fit for Thy use in battle, Lord.

A DESIRE

OF Him, that to each ghost allots a task,
This boon I ask—
That, when I die, I share the toil that brings
Life's wonder-things,
By men forgotten, to the eyes and ears
Of nursery-seers.

IN MEMORIAM

WITH the Great Lover they abide,
At one with Him, the Crucified.

Strong in His Strength, they labour still
To work His everlasting Will,

To purge impurity, to bring
Peace and great joy to the sorrowing.

They labour still; but have no pain,
No aching fear, no battle-strain.

Serene they do His dear behest;
And in His labour they have rest.

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